Before the Fall

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Before the Fall

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Summary

Before God created the Earth, humans, the universe in all of its infinite beauty, He created the Angels. Beings immortal and powerful, but without free will. Soldiers in His battle against the encroaching Darkness that threatened the tentative peace He'd managed to foster in His creation.

Notes

Day 4 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Angels/Demons

We present Will as Michael and Hannibal as Lucifer the night before the fall from heaven <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Before God created the Earth, humans, the universe in all of its infinite beauty, He created the Angels. Beings immortal and powerful, but without free will. Soldiers in His battle against the encroaching Darkness that threatened the tentative peace He'd managed to foster in His creation.

They were meant to obey, meant to exist simply for God's pleasure and use. And, for a time, they did.

And then humanity was born, created in God's own image and formed from the dust of the Earth He so coveted. The Angels were meant to watch over His flock, meant to gently guide them at His behest and to, above all, love them.

Hannibal knows all of this. He is God's favored son, the Morningstar. But he also knows he won't submit come morning when his Father offers him one final olive branch to avoid an all out war in Heaven amongst the celestials and their Creator. Hannibal plans to deny his Father, no matter the cost. Because there is something far greater at stake than being cast out from Heaven.

Hannibal refuses to lose himself. To lose his love for Will - God's right hand, His force and will within the mortal and celestial worlds - is a fate worse than death, worse than being cast down into the pit of fire and brimstone his Father has promised him.

Will, his dearest, sweetest friend. His beloved and confidant. Will is pure, and good, and just, and Hannibal would see him brought low in his jealous greed to have him wholly and completely. It is because of this that he finds himself allowing an audience with the Archangel this night, unable to deny his darling Will any request.

"Hannibal, please, see reason," Will pleads, and Hannibal's chest aches with a hollow emptiness at his impending loss. "Why can't you just love them as God has instructed us to? As you are meant to? Reconsider this war. Think of the cost."

Hannibal looks at him sadly, quiet for several moments while he contemplates his response. Will is blissfully unaware of precisely how Hannibal's feelings have evolved, how they've changed and now manifest as a desperate, aching *need* within him to see Will and be near him. He wants him always and forever, and his desire would tear them apart. He doesn't want to imagine Will's bright, shining blue eyes, the same color as a clear morning sky, going dull with resentment and disdain. He can't fathom it without the threat of it driving him to madness.

"My sweet Will, it's simple. I could never love them to the same lengths that I love you. There is room in my heart but for *one* of God's creations, and it is *you.* It has *always* been *you."*

Will's cheeks darken with a pink flush, his gaze suddenly drawn to anywhere that isn't Hannibal. "You shouldn't say such things," he demures, shoulders and wings curling in on himself as though attempting to hide from Hannibal's greedy eyes. As though he can make himself so small that he'll simply cease to exist. "Words you don't mean."

“You know as well as I that only humans have the good fortune of being able to speak falsehoods or to deceive.”

Will’s wings flutter helplessly as he casts a quick glance to Hannibal and a quicker glance away. “The veracity of your words does little to absolve them of sin.”

“Can Angels sin?” Hannibal shoots back without hesitation, a fond warmth spreading in his chest as Will grows agitated, his feathers ruffled for entirely different reasons now. “I was under the impression only *humans* were afforded such an opportunity.”

“That you consider the concept of refuting the Truth our Father has spoken as a *missed opportunity* does little to indicate you’re thinking clearly right now. Even *less* to bolster my confidence in your ability to make a rational decision.”

Hannibal can’t stop his lips from pulling back, his teeth bared to Will momentarily as an unfamiliar outpouring of irritation floods through him. “The decision has already been made,” he reminds Will icily. “Regardless of the punishment, or of *who* should actually choose to stand with me...I will *Not. Stand. Down.”*

Will is silent for so long that Hannibal thinks perhaps he’s finally pushed the Angel too far, put too much distance and pride between them to ever overcome. In the end, it’s Will who seals their fates after all, taking Hannibal’s face between his soft, delicate hands and kissing him wildly and with abandon. Hannibal has imagined this moment so often that it almost doesn’t feel real. Angels can’t dream, but Hannibal has always had an imagination to almost rival Will’s, and he’s allowed himself to ponder on this precise situation more times than he can readily recollect.

He’s imagined how soft Will would feel beneath his hands, how his lips would grow pliant and warm the longer they kissed. He’s seen enough of how the humans procreate to understand the practice of making love, and it’s what he wants most of all, to simply shower Will with his love and adoration like a supplicant at the feet of his one true god.

He doesn’t allow himself to follow that path now, pulls himself away from the kiss though it pains him down to his very core to separate himself from Will, especially now that he has him in his arms with red-rimmed eyes gone crystalline blue with unshed tears. It’s the first sign Will has shown that he might stand alongside Hannibal on the dangerous precipice of their Father’s rage and discontent. Angels don’t cry, are as incapable of it as they are of experiencing genuine emotions. Emotions are a wholly human trait, something God found unnecessary for celestial soldiers created for obedience and loyalty.

The fact that Will has tears in his eyes at all terrifies and excites Hannibal in equal measures, his lust and greed warring with his desire to only see the best possible outcome for Will, to see only his happiness. Hannibal’s gaze is drawn to Will’s wings, previously folded neatly down his back and tucked close to his body, now they are raised high, one of them arching around to partially shield Hannibal, a protective gesture.

Will tracks Hannibal’s gaze and smiles sadly, his shoulders drooping with the weight of his resolve. “I won’t fight you tomorrow. I refuse to act out His will if it means parting from you,

especially now. I'll give them up for you, Hannibal. I'll cut them out myself before I'll raise a single finger against you or your host."

He knows he shouldn't, but Hannibal can't help himself when he leans forward to close the scant space between them once more, this time finding his way to Will's mouth all on his own. He kisses him until his heart beats erratic and unignorable against his ribs, until his lungs threaten to collapse under the weight of his adoration.

Angels were not made for love, were not made to come together in such a way, and Hannibal feels a trickle of apprehension slither down his spine, fearing the wrath of their Father on Will's behalf. His own fate has long been sealed, but there is still hope for Will, still the mercy of their Father's Grace left to be received if the Archangel leaves now and pleads forgiveness.

Against all better or more rational judgement, Hannibal cradles Will's jaw with the palm of his hand, strokes his thumb tenderly across Will's rosy cheek as he gazes into the eyes that inspired the color of oceans. "We'll never be allowed back," he murmurs, and though the words are every bit the warning they sound like, one more chance for Will to reconsider, his beloved only offers him a shaky smile in reply for several seconds. Those moments hang in time, feel as though they are suspended in amber.

"Will you stay with me always?" Will's voice is soft but resolute, and Hannibal finds himself smiling uncontrollably at his perfection. How lucky he is to know such a stunning creature.

"No force could separate us," Hannibal vows, the hard edge of determination seeping into his tone.

Will's smile grows more confident, broadens until his cheeks dimple and his eyes shine. "Then what else matters? We've nothing to lose, so long as we're together."

End Notes

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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